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that such a League of Nations will be formed. Let me briefly state my reasons for this belief:

(1) It will be to the material advantage of every nation in Europe to enter such a league. It would afford to every nation in Europe a more reliable pledge of protection than any group alliance can give. Throughout history, group alliances have had a constantly shifting membership. History affords many such examples as that of the Balkan allies splitting up over the terms of settlement at the end of the Balkan war and finally losing more than they had gained. The inevitable conflict of national interests is a constant threat against the permanency of any group alliance.

One of our distinguished publicists has stated the superiority of such a league over any group alliance as follows: When Germany, asked by the allies at the conference on terms of settlement to remove the menace of her militarism, replies, "What of my protection against Russia?" all of the nations of the league could reply, "We will all protect you against Russia, just as we would all protect Russia against you."

Again, if the nations of Europe are compelled to enter another costly rivalry in armaments, the resulting taxation, added, as I have said, to the enormous war debts and the expense of industrial reconstruction, will place such a burden upon the nations that sooner or later revolutionary protests will arise from the masses demanding that the governments find some way of relief from the abnormal burdens of militarism.

(2) It will be to the material interest of America to enter such a league, because if Europe is left in the grip of a rivalry in armaments, her need for money will be greater than ever, and in her efforts to get the necessary money, not only to pay her war debts and rebuild her industries, but to play her part in the race for armaments, she will institute a competition for world markets more intense and destructive than ever in the business history of the world. In this destructive competition, there is not a single problem of American democracy that will not be complicated. The solution of our labor problem, our tariff problem, our taxation problem, our foreign-trade problem, and our immigration problem will be made increasingly difficult.

This war has proved that the Americas are the largest and safest source of those supplies upon which modern warfare depends. Therefore, if before the world the United States and the States of Latin America stand committed to the program of a League of Nations to Enforce Peace by the uses of economic pressure and military power if necessary, there is no question but that the voice of the Americas will influence profoundly the terms of settlement of the war.

The essential ideas of the program that I have outlined are included in the program of the League to Enforce Peace and form the basis of a referendum upon which the business men in the constituent bodies of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States recently voted.

I conceive it to be the duty of every man who has the future welfare of America at heart to support this program, to make definite efforts from day to day to influence individuals, organizations, newspapers, and government officials, in so far as he has connections therewith, towards support of this program. It is the one practical program now before the world that prom-

ises actually to secure that more permanent peace which has been the dream and desire of all sincere men through the centuries.

WAR, RIGHT OR WRONG

By MEI TI (China, about 2500 B. C.)

Translated by E. H. Hou

In the fifth and sixth centuries B. C. there were many philosophers and schools in China. Mei Ti was one of the greatest of them. At that time even Confucius could not overshadow him. His well-known "Love All" doctrine was later severely attacked by Mencius, the great follower of Confucius. Not only his philosophy, but also his literary ability, have been greatly admired by his own people. The following is a translation of one of his short essays. By his use of the title "gentlemen under the heaven," he means the philosophers of his time.—*Translator.*

HERE is a man going into the garden or orchard of some one else. He steals the peaches and prunes from it. All those who hear of this will condemn him, and the authorities will arrest and fine him. Why? Because he does harm to others and benefits himself thereby.

Here is another man stealing other people's dogs, chickens, and hogs. He is worse than the first man. Why? Because the more harm to others he does, the more wicked he is and the greater the crime is.

Here is a third who enters through his neighbor's fences and stables, stealing the cattle and horses. He is considered worse and more heartless than the second man. Why? Because he has done more harm to his neighbor, so his crime is still greater.

Furthermore, the man who murders the innocent neighbor and gets his victim's fur coat and sword, is worse than the third. Why? Because he has done greater harm, and so he is a more wicked man.

At this time, all the gentlemen under the heaven know that he is doing wrong, and they all condemn him.

Now, then, the greatest of these gentlemen is to attack a neighboring country. Not only does nobody see that this should be condemned, but, on the contrary, every one praises it, sanctions it, and calls it right. Does the world know the difference between *right* and *wrong*?

It is considered wrong to murder one man, and there is capital punishment for this crime. Then the crime of killing ten men is ten times as bad as that of killing one, and the punishment should be also ten times as much. The crime of murdering one hundred persons is one hundred times as bad, and the punishment should be also one hundred times as much. At this time, in this case, every gentleman under the heaven knows how to condemn it, and calls it *wrong* or crime.

But the greatest crime is to invade another country, killing many men. Nobody condemns it, but praises it. Because no one knows it is wrong to go to attack another nation, they write about their glorious victory in order to let the future generations read it. If they could discover the wickedness of war, what is the pleasure of writing such a record of it?

It is just like a man who calls a little black black, and calls much black white. He cannot tell black from white. It is bitter when little is tasted. He calls

it sweet when much bitterness is tasted. So he cannot tell bitter from sweet.

Little wrong is wrong; everybody condemns it. But the greatest wrong, that of attacking another country, is not only left uncondemned, but is honored and praised. It shows that the world cannot tell right from wrong. This is the way in which the so-called gentlemen under the heaven teach morality and ethics.

A TRENCH-PACIFIST

By C. F. H.

ROMÉO HOULE, twenty-three years of age, is a barber by profession. He is also something of a pacifist, and the sort of pacifist with whom it is difficult to argue, for Roméo Houle has been a soldier. He has spent eleven months on the firing line. He has seen it all. "I slept in my blanket, my first night under fire, with a lump of cheese at my feet, as a bribe to the rats to spare my face." "I have lived daily in dread of bullet, shrapnel, mine, and deadly gas; and nightly in fear of mine and gas—and the man-eating rats."

"Gas? What do you know of it, you people who never heard earth and heaven rock with the frantic turmoil of the ceaseless bombardment? A crawling yellow cloud that pours in upon you, that gets you by the throat and shakes you as a huge mastiff might shake a kitten, and leaves you burning in every nerve and vein of your body with pain unthinkable; your eyes starting from their sockets; your face turned yellow-green.

"Rats? What did you ever read of the rats in the trenches? Next to gas, they still slide on their fat bellies through my dreams. Poe could have got new inspiration from their dirty hordes. Rats, rats, rats—I see them still, slinking from new meals on corpses, from Belgium to the Swiss Alps. Rats, rats, rats, tens of thousands of rats, crunching between battle lines while the rapid-firing guns mow the trench edge—crunching their hellish feasts. Full fed, slipping and sliding down into the wet trenches they swarm at night—and more than one poor wretch has had his face eaten off by them while he slept."

In the late winter of this year he returned home miraculously unscathed. "Of my original company, the Fourth of the Fourteenth Battalion, Third Brigade, First Canadian Division, which marched away to that hell at Laventie and Ypres so gayly—500 brave boys—I am one of the sixteen who survive." Sixteen out of five hundred!

Roméo Houle's story is printed in *Current History*, published monthly by the New York Times. It is worth reading in its entirety, for it is vouched for by the editors of that publication, who have looked up his record and found it straight and true. Mr. Houle, who is, by the way, an American, and owes his present discharge to that fact, does not try to harrow the reader. But he does tell what he went through himself, and the opinion of modern warfare that it gave him.

"You wouldn't believe all I have seen, all I have left. Ah, no; you would say, 'Roméo Houle, you are lying,' were I to tell you some unbelievable things that I have really lived through. Men go mad over there. When

you know what life in the first-line trenches is like you will wonder that I have returned, and that, having returned, I am still in my right mind. Sometimes, at night, I find myself again carrying the wounded back after the charge, and listening to dying soldiers telling me to look into blood-soaked pockets for last letters to their sweethearts or mothers back home. "Tell mother that I have received the Blessed Sacrament before the battle began." I hear their breaking voices whisper, "Tell mother," while the thundering artillery pours its curtain of fire upon us, and our boys throw back from their rude, hand-made sling-shots their deadly 'jam-pots.' "Tell mother!" I think all the battle front is crying now those words. O Mother of God, hear them and end this needless butchery!"

Roméo Houle has survived the curtain of fire, the gas; he has been hurled in the air by a shell explosion; has seen his comrades die in hundreds all about him; has witnessed mine explosions under the enemies' trenches, and has known the hourly dread of being caught in one himself—"it was more terrible than gas poisoning to think that at any moment the earth would be rent and you would be thrown a thousand ways at once." He and his comrades have made friends with the Germans in the opposing trenches; have agreed with them not to fire, and kept the pact for days, till "the officers, discovering this pact of peace, moved us to another part of the trenches. Because friendships start easily between hostile bodies, they kept moving a regiment from one part of the trenches to another. . . . We had no heart in the butchery, Germans, or we French Canadians." "I take no credit for any special courage in the field. If I was brave, it was because I had to be so. We were all brave who kept our senses."

Roméo Houle is now shaving customers with a steady hand at Lamothe's shop, 1335 Purchase street, New Bedford, Conn. And Roméo Houle, the volunteer, the soldier, the survivor of Bloody Ypres, and many another fight, is a pacifist. He has a message for all America, for all the world. It is a message of interest to every pacifist and every advocate of militarism in this country. This is the way he phrases it, at the end of the narrative that he and his friend and collaborator, David MacGregor Cheney, a writer on the New Bedford *Standard*, composed:

"If you Americans have the choice, never vote for war. You do not know what war is, who have not seen it. I did not know. I could not know. It is not like the sanguinary conflicts of the Civil War—they were little fisticuff battles compared to this gigantic slaughter of heroes. Now calm science, cruel, unutterably cruel, calculating a hundred deaths with the precision of the crazed murderer, lays out the battle schemes, and goes seeking through science for new forms of death more horrible than the old. We fight underground and undersea, on the land and in the air. We fight with fire, with steel, with lead, with poisons, with gases, with burning oil. We are lower than the brutes, lower than the lowest and most degraded forms of life.

"I do not know why we fought. No Archduke's little life was worth the titanic butchery of the world war. The beginning was petty and small. And I, looking back at horror, horror, cannot forget the extraordinary friendships we made with the men in the enemy's trenches. We were both only human beings, after